



WORDS  
BY  
J. BLUMFELD  
H. RANSOME  
"F.H."

MUSIC  
BY  
C  
N  
CHADBORN

NINE  
..  
MEDICAL  
..  
SONGS  
.

DEUS INCUBAT ANGUIM

.CA  
)

A 2000



22501333768





NINE

**M**EDICAL **S**ONGS

Words by

J. BLUMFELD, G. H. RANSOME, and F. H.

The Music Composed by

C. N. CHADBORN.

---

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.

(POSTAGE, THREEPENCE.)

---

To be obtained of

—✧ THE LIBRARIAN ✧—

ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL, S.W.





## CONTENTS.

---

No.		PAGE
1.	OH, WOULD I WERE A SURGEON ... ..	2
2.	A SONG OF SAINT GEORGE'S ... ..	6
3.	BACK TO THE CORNER AGAIN ... ..	11
4.	THE VETERAN STETHOSCOPE ... ..	18
5.	THE LOVE-SICK BACILLUS ... ..	21
6.	A LAY OF THE DISSECTING ROOM ... ..	25
7.	THE LAMENT OF THE LARGE WHITE KIDNEY ... ..	28
8.	A BRONCHITIC'S LOVE SONG ... ..	35
9.	TO A HOSPITAL NURSE ... ..	38





NINE MEDICAL SONGS.

# OH, WOULD I WERE A SURGEON.

Words by F. H.

C. N. Chadborn.

*Vivace.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a time signature of 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Vivace.' The piano accompaniment starts with a forte (f) dynamic. The melody is introduced in the piano's right hand, followed by the voice. The score includes two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system features a repeat sign and a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The second system also includes a repeat sign and a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The lyrics are written below the voice line, with some words split across lines. The score ends with a final cadence in the piano accompaniment.

*f*

*mf*  $\Delta$

1. Oh, would I were a  
3. You start a state-ly

*mf*  $\Delta$

sur - geon Of em - i - nence and fame! The bus - iness is so  
but - ler Or a hired com - mis - sion - aire, (The form - er must be

sim-ple, — When once you've got the name, You — cut and saw and  
port-ly, — The lat - ter may be spare,) You — send type-writ - ten

chis el, You cau-ter - ise and drill, You wrench and twist and  
let-ters Mark'd "Im - por-tant" or "Ex - press" And a - dopt some name like

am - putate, And pos - si - bly you kill! 2. You — take a no - ble  
"Lan - cet" As a te - le-graph ad - dress. 4. You — prac - tise self - pos -

man - sion And — keep it trim and smart: (The pub - lic need - n't  
- sess - ion And you must - n't turn a hair When your ca - ses all go

know it If— you let the up - per part) You give re-cher - ché  
bad - ly But just pub - lish them as “rare”. You cul - ti - vate ex-

din - ners And your guests de - part well fed, Lit - tle dream - ing they've been  
- pres - sions Which will not be - tray your mind, And if you smile un-

din - ing, Twen - ty - two and six the head! Oh, — would I were a  
- du - ly You'll be thought to be un - kind. Oh, — would I were a

sur - geon!  
sur - geon!

## 5.

At home for consultation  
 You are seated at your ease,  
 And you shovel in the guineas  
 Just as fast as e'er you please;  
 And as each new patient enters  
 You should be collecting three,  
 Just to quietly remind him  
 Of your customary fee!

## 6.

Then you lecture at the "College"  
 In a professorial style,  
 On the tumours found in gad-flies  
 Or on crocodilian bile;  
 And you grow a bit eccentric  
 In your usual mode of life,  
 Letting everybody know it  
 Through the medium of your wife.

*Ref.* Oh, would I were a surgeon!

## 7.

You adopt some special hobby  
 Where expenses are but slight  
 Just to pose before the public  
 In a philanthropic light:  
 It is best to choose a subject  
 Like "Religion and the Birch"  
 Which will bring you into contact  
 With the elders of the Church.

## 8.

When you get half blind and shaky  
 And too weak to saw a bone  
 You take to writing pamphlets  
 Rather medical in tone:  
 This will render you for ever  
 Independent of the knife,  
 And will help to swell the earnings  
 Of a conscientious life.

*Ref.* Oh, would I were a surgeon!



# A SONG OF SAINT GEORGES.

J. Blumfeld and  
G. H. Ransome.

*Allegro con spirito. Alla marcia.*

1. Some sing of their col - lege in dear Al - ma Ma - ter, And  
2. Let o - thers from hos - pi - tals else - where lo - ca - ted, That

vow such an-oth - er is not to be found, The pub - lic - school pa - tri - ot  
theirs are the great - est of sur - geons sur - mise, Phy - si - cians of note have from

oft is a pra - ter, Of Rug - by or E - ton's his - to - ri - cal ground. But  
Bart's e - ma - na - ted, From Mid - dle - sex, Ma - ry's, Kings, Lon - don and Guy's. But

*p*  
deep though his love for these ear - lier pla - ces The man from the Cor - ner, where -  
would you see sur - geons per - fec - tion e - licit A - sep - ti - ci - ty laugh - ing at

*f*  
- e - ver he roams Can ne - ver for - get that the home of his race is The  
mi - crobes at last, Phy - si - cians triumph - ant? pay Geor - ge's a vi - sit, They



*rall.*

CHORUS.

field of the Hun- ters, the great home of Holmes. Then sing we a song of Saint  
go round at one, or, lets say at half-past.

Geor - ges, Fill up to the brim ev-ry fla - gon: Come cot-tage and staff, Come

stu - dents and quaff A toast to Saint George and the dra - gon.

*mf*

3. What need to em-bel - lish with words of lau-da - tion The

pluck and the skill of our foot - er fif-teen, Or sing of the he - roes who

win ad-mi-ra - tion At cric - ket and ten-nis, up - hold - ing the green. Who

*p*

knows not the crew e-ver-more to be dread - ed By all seek-ing fame at the

blade of the oar? Saint Geor-ge's and vic-to-ry e-ver were wed-ded, No

*f*

*rall.* CHORUS. *f*

mat-ter who race our in-vin-ci-ble four. Then sing we a song of Saint

Geor-ge's, Fill up to the brim ev-ry fla-gon: Come cot-tage and staff, Come

stu-dents and quaff A toast to Saint George and the dra-gon.

# BACK TO THE CORNER AGAIN.

J. Blumfeld.

*Vivo con spirito.*

1. I'm  
2. I've

here in a silk-lined frock-coat With a ve-ry pro-fessional voice,  
ta-ken a boat to Syd-ney And ta-ken her back a - gain. I've



Loun-ging a-round with the sur-geons As though I were here by choice My  
tas - ted ship - board plea-sure And doc - tored shipboard pain; I've

knowledge of me-dicine's rus-ty, My knowledge of sur-ge-ry's nil, So I'm  
flir - ted by ma-ny a deck chair, Where tro - pi - cal night-winds blow,

watch-ing the sim - plest dress-ing, And how to pre-scribe a —  
Flic - ker-ing flames of pas-sion In - to a stea - dy —

*Tempo di Valse.*

pill. Back to the Cor-ner a - gain, Sir,  
glow. Back to the Cor-ner a - gain, Sir,

Back to the Cor-ner a - gain, Three years on the  
Back to the Cor-ner a - gain, The heir - ess I

*rall.* *a tempo*  
sea, A year as G P, And back to the Cor-ner a - gain.  
met, She is un-mar-ried yet, And I'm at the Cor-ner a - gain.

CHORUS.  
*ff*  
Back to the Cor-ner a - gain, Sir, Back to the  
Back to the Cor-ner a - gain, Sir, Back to the

Cor-ner a - gain, Three years on the sea, A  
Cor-ner a - gain, The heir - ess I met, She is

*rall.* *a tempo*

year as G. P. And back to the Cor - ner a - gain.  
 un - mar - ried yet, And I'm at the Cor - ner a - gain.

*rall.* *a tempo*

3. I've  
4. A

ten - ded an el - der - ly ban - ker A mar - tyr to the  
 man who is squander - ing hun - dreds, Learn - ing a no - ble

gout, Taught him to jib at cham - pagne And not to trifle with  
 trade, Joy - ful - ly thinks how some day He shall be thrice re -



stout; I've hu-moured his hor-ri-ble tem-per And  
- paid; Then his hopes he— pins to a brass-plate

mor-phin-ised his pain; But now he is gone I'm no  
La-belled L. R. C. P. Ah, first-year's man, that was

*Tempo di Valse.*

further on, But back to the Cor-ner a - gain. Back to the  
my plan, And now, well, as you see, I'm back to the

Cor - ner a - gain, Sir, Back to the Cor - ner a -  
 Cor - ner a - gain, Sir, Back to the Cor - ner a -

- gain, Ah! rich should I be But I haven't his  
 - gain, I've seen — the world, — My tail's un -

*rall.*

*a tempo*

fee, So I'm back to the Cor - ner a - gain.  
 - curled, And I'm back to the Cor - ner a - gain.

*a tempo*

CHORUS.

17

*ff*

Back to the Cor-ner a - gain, Sir, Back to the  
Back to the Cor-ner a - gain, Sir, Back to the

*rall.*

Cor-ner a - gain, Ah! rich should I be, But I haven't his  
Cor-ner a - gain, I've seen the world My tail's un-

*a tempo*

fee, So I'm back to the Cor-ner a - gain.  
- curled, And I'm back to the Cor-ner a - gain.

*a tempo*

After 3rd verse.

After last verse.

# THE VETERAN STETHOSCOPE.

G. H. Ransome.

*Adagio con espressione.*

1. Lub dup, lub dup,  
2. Lub dup, lub dup,

*p*

*8va bassa*

I am pas-sé I fear, But I've done some good work in my  
I can ne'er more de-light In loud rhon-chi de-tec-ted a-

*8*

time, some good work in my time. far, — de-tec-ted a-far. What Or

*f* *p*

*8*

sounds ad-ven-ti-tious I've brought to the ear! What soft-blow-ing  
sly cre-pi-ta-tions, in-au-di-ble quite To all steth-os-

*rall.* *a tempo*

*8*



mur-murs sub-lime! What hints of ad-he-sions and car-di-ac  
-copes be-low par; No more keen de-tec-tions of hid-den af-

le-sions And fric-tion di-vulged in its prime! Lub dup.  
-fec-tions, Of pleu-ri-sy, phthi-sis, ca-tarrh. Lub dup.

3. Lub dup, lub dup,

*8va bassa*

Please lay me to rest Near a lung whence sweet me-lo-dy

springs, whence sweet me-lo-dy springs; Where ad-

- he-rent al-ve-o-li crackle their best, And the mu-si-cal

bron-chi-ole sings; — That so, as I per-ish, at peace I may

cher-ish The joy their prox-im-i-ty brings — Lub dup.

# THE LOVE-SICK BACILLUS.

J. Blumfeld.

*Vivace, con tenerezza.*

The first system of musical notation for 'The Love-Sick Bacillus'. It consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand and chords in the left hand.

The second system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with a half note C5, a quarter note D5, and a quarter note E5. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern, with the right hand playing a series of eighth and sixteenth notes and the left hand playing chords.

The third system of musical notation, which includes the lyrics. The system is marked with a double bar line and a repeat sign (two dots) at the beginning of the vocal line. The key signature changes to two flats (B-flat and E-flat) for the final measure. The lyrics are as follows:

1. Bac - il - lus Pro-di - gi - o - sus loved a mi - cro-coc-cus  
 2. A - round him ma - ny a — rod-shap'd dame, in vain her arts would



wee, The fair - est and most faint - ly stained, of all her co - lo -  
ply, They could not e - ven stir in him a bac - ill - a - ry

*rall.* *a tempo*

- ny: He felt the spasm of pro - to - plasm, by Love's sweet bit - ters  
sigh They'd dye in state ag - glu - tin - ate, and clump in all per -

*rall.* *a tempo*

*p*

bit - ten: With an - guish racked, he was in fact Pro - di - gi - ose - ly  
- fec - tion: He mere - ly would re - mark they should, take care of their com -

*p*

smit - ten: With an-guish racked, he was in fact Pro - di - gi - ose - ly  
- plex - ion, He mere-ly would re - mark they should, take care of their com-

smit - ten.  
- plex - ion.

3. Now poor pro - di - gi - o - sus grew A con-trast to his  
4. This poor bac - te - ri - um at last Lost all his form-er

name, Those me - di - a he would es - chew That used to bring him  
"ton", And soon the ut-most lim - its passed Of dim - i - nu - ti -

*rall.* *a tempo*

fame No longer growing on bread-paste and bouillon He sought all ways to —  
 - on. At - ten-u - a - ted he scarce-ly — ra-ted A mill - ionth mil - li -

*rall.* *a tempo*

*p*

mock us, Just be-cause his sweet-heart was A plump-ish mi - cro -  
 - me - tre, So Miss Mi - cro re - fused to know Him, when he tried to

*p*

*p*

- coc - cus, Just be-cause his sweet-heart was A plump-ish mi - cro -  
 greet her, So Miss Mi - cro re - fused to know Him, when he tried to

*p*

*p*

- coc - cus.  
 greet her.

# A LAY OF THE DISSECTING ROOM.

G. H. Ransome.

*Vivace.*

1. The

mem - bers of the hu - man frame, By the "New-Gray" they swore, That

er - rors in their names and ways, They'd to - ler - ate no more. By



the "New-Gray" they swore it, — And coun - cil did they call, To

put an end to this of - fence, And pun - ish for their

ne - gli - gence, The stu - dents one and all.

## 2.

First up spake bluff Trapezius:  
 "Tis scandalous," said he,  
 "That stupid, lazy idiots  
     Should make mistakes in Me;  
 It's true they seldom blunder  
     When asked my form to spot,  
 But when they say with blatant mien,  
 I'm in relation with the spleen;  
     It is a little hot."

## 3.

"You're right, Sir," squeaked the Tonsil,  
 "Such conduct, as you say,  
 Is really reprehensible,  
     If use the term I may,  
 I know that my position  
     Is hard to understand,  
 But, surely, if they thought awhile,  
 They ought to hesitate to style  
     Me the Parotid gland."

## 4.

Then many more unanimous  
     Took up the common cry;  
 Fat muscles self-complacent,  
     Phalanges young and shy;  
 And all alike agreed they must  
     Some drastic vengeance wreak;  
 But, when the Liver, blandly wise,  
 Asked them what means they could devise,  
     Then none were heard to speak.

## 5.

But last the wily ventricle,  
     Of bristling "bodfi" fame,  
 Said: "Gentlemen; the students  
     Are truly much to blame,  
 But, the revenge I purpose  
     Were deadliest by far,  
 So let us sap their wits away  
 And make them old before their day,  
     By keeping as we are."

# THE LAMENT OF THE LARGE WHITE KIDNEY.

G. H. Ransome.

*Moderato con fuoco.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (B-flat major), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked *Moderato con fuoco*. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand melody and a left-hand bass line. The vocal line enters in the third measure of the first system. The lyrics are: "O - bese and un-gain - ly: too big round the chest; Oh,". The score is divided into three systems. The first system has four measures. The second system has four measures. The third system has four measures, with the vocal line continuing. The piano part has dynamic markings *ff* (fortissimo) and *p* (piano). The vocal line has a crescendo hairpin in the third measure of the third system.



*f*

list to my sor row-ing - cry! A mere pa-tho-lo - gi-cal

*f*

dain-ty at best, As Lu-ci-fer fal-len am I, as Lu-ci-fer fal-len am

*ff*

*ff*

*8va basso*.....

I. My

*dolente pp*

*P dolente pp*

co - lour is fa - ded my sym - metry gone, Though the fault was not mine, be it

said, Like the woes of my small red re - la - tion, brought on By high

liv - ing, or sur - feit of lead. As a youth my con - tour was a

pic - ture to see: My man - ner en - gag - ing and glad; My

cap - sule the ve - ry best cut, and, ah me! What a love - ly slim cor - tex I

had! And now soon I shall shrink and grow crook - ed and mean, Till I'm

shunned for a mis - sha-pen gnome. As it is, I'm no more asked to

*glissando* *cresc.*

tea by the spleen, Or sent cards for the Liv - er's "At home"

*f* *p*

And what of the end? On a

shelf I sup-pose, In the Mu - se - um's sad-den-ing gloom; Where the

spec-ta-cled stu-dent will flat-ten his nose, And dis-course on my pre-ma-ture

doom, ——— dis - course on my pre - ma-ture doom. Well a

day! But no lon - ger the thought gives me pain And though



*cresc.*

tru - ly a mourn-ful be - quest, — I pray for the sum-mons, for

*cresc.*

*f*

then I shall gain The re - ward of the suf - fer - er — rest, For

*p*

*f*

*p*

*Vivace.*

*f*

why should I care — in sul - len des - pair — To drag out my life's wea-ry

*f*

span? — T'were bet - ter to pine in spi - rits of wine, Than the



loin of a large white man; For why should I care

in sul - len des-pair To

drag out my life's wea-ry span? — T'were bet - ter to pine in

spi - rits of wine Than the loin of a large white man.

# A BRONCHITIC'S LOVE-SONG.

J. Blumfeld.

*Adagio.*

*p amoroso*

*f*

*p*

1. E-ver be-side me, dar-ling,

E-ver near my bed, What-e'er be-tide me, dar-ling,

Watch-ing at my head: Your dear white form is near me, And

*f* rea - dy to af - ford *p* A - ha - ven for the

mu - - - cus *f* From my poor bron - chi *p* poured.

*Refrain.* *p* Here as I rest close to my breast, Nes - tle my white one, my

*CRSC.* por - rin - ger round, Thou art the goal my bron - chi - tic soul Has

*Last verse, Fine.*

*f* yearned for, wheezed for, found.

*f* *pp rall.*

2.

Speak not of frail Trochisci  
 Sucked and sucked again,  
 Lin. Terebinth and Whiskey  
 Both alike are vain;  
 Tenacious mucus rends me,  
 And you alone can give  
 The coughing storm that bends me  
 A welcome short reprieve.  
*Ref.* Here as I rest etc.

3.

Oft when the kind Physician  
 Bends a learned ear,  
 Taking up his position  
 Undeterred by fear,  
 For you I still forsake him  
 And, who so'er he be,  
 My frequent cough shall make him  
 Resign his place for thee.  
*Ref.* Here as I rest etc.

4.

Cold is thy cheek and whiter  
 Than the driven snow,  
 Lighter and daily lighter  
 Does my off'ring grow.  
 Farewell! "Improved" I'm leaving  
 To join the stray O. P.  
 And you will be receiving  
 Some case instead of me.  
*Ref.* Here as I rest etc.

# TO A HOSPITAL NURSE.

Words taken from the "Echo,"  
by kind permission of the Editor.

*Adagio con anima.*

The first system of musical notation is in 3/4 time. It features a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The vocal line begins with a whole rest. The piano accompaniment starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The first measure of the piano part has a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 3/4 time signature. The bass line has a 3/4 time signature. The piano part consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

The second system of musical notation continues the piano accompaniment. It features a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The vocal line begins with a whole rest. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines in both hands. The bass line has a 3/4 time signature. The piano part consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

The third system of musical notation includes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line (treble clef) begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and contains the lyrics: "Ma - don - na of the proud, pale, face, Be -". The piano accompaniment (grand staff) continues with chords and moving lines in both hands. The bass line has a 3/4 time signature. The piano part consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.



- neath the cap of snow: A min - is - ter of pity - ing grace, You

soft - ly come and go. Di - vine com - pas - sion's in the touch of

your se - rene white hand: They love you much who suf - fer much A -

- long life's bor - der - land.

Ma - don - na of the

*rall.* *a tempo*

hos - pi - tal, Gow - nèd all in spot - less white; How - ev - er dark the

day be - fall, Your pre - sence makes it — bright. There's heal - ing in your

calm, dark eyes, So grave, so deep, so true: Oh, well the in - va -

- lids may prize their bond - age sweet to you.

Ty -

- phoid, pneu - mo - nia, I do lack, Of phthisis I am free: I

have no "mise - ry in the back," Nor yet a "housemaid's knee." But

*f*

priest-ess of the heal-ing art! I suf-fer, and I'm sure There

*f*

*f*

is a pain a - bout my heart Which you a - lone can cure, There

*f*

*rall.*

is a pain a - bout my heart Which you a - lone can cure.

*rall.* *ff*













